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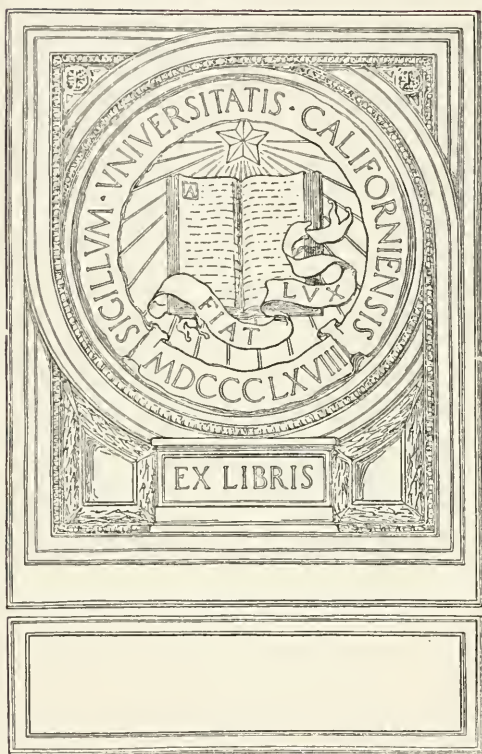
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LETTERS

FROM

JOHN RUSKIN

TO

REV. F. A. MALLESON, M.A.

Vicar of Broughton-in-Furness

Edited by Thomas J. Wise



London: Privately Printed

1876

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NOTE.

Of the 38 Letters contained in this volume 10 have already been printed, though in a sadly garbled and mutilated form. These 10 originally appeared in "Letters to the Clergy," a privately printed pamphlet issued in 1879, and were afterwards included in "The Lord's Prayer and the Church," 1880 (second ed. 1883), from which work Mr. Wedderburn reprinted them in "On the Old Road." The whole 38 are now given precisely from the original holographs.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LETTER I.	
Oxford.	
1st <i>November</i> , 1872	3
LETTER II.	
Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.	
23rd <i>July</i> , 1875	5
LETTER III.	
[Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.]	
8th <i>September</i> , 1876	10
LETTER IV.	
Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.	
20th <i>July</i> , [1879.]	12
LETTER V.	
Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.	
23rd <i>June</i> , [18]79	14
LETTER VI.	
Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.	
6th <i>July</i> , 1879	17

LETTER VII.

PAGE

Brantwood, Coniston, Lanes.

8th July, [18]79 20

LETTER VIII.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lanes.

10th July, 1879 23

LETTER IX.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lanes.

12th July, 1879 26

LETTER X.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lanes.

14th July, 1879 31

LETTER XI.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lanes.

30th July, [1879.] 36

LETTER XII.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lanes.

[*31st July*, 1879.] 38

LETTER XIII.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lanes.

2nd August, 1879 40

CONTENTS.

ix

PAGE

LETTER XIV.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lanes.

4th August, 1879 41

LETTER XV.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lanes.

7th August, 1879 43

LETTER XVI.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lanes.

9th August, 1879 45

LETTER XVII.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lanes.

19th August, 1879 52

LETTER XVIII.

30th August, 1879 56

LETTER XIX.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lanes.

2nd September, 1879 58

LETTER XX.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lanes.

3rd September, 1879 60

LETTER XXI.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.

[9th September, 1879.] . . . 66

LETTER XXII.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.

13th September, 1879 . . . 68

LETTER XXIII.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.

14th September, 1879 . . . 69

LETTER XXIV.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.

14th September, 1879 . . . 71

LETTER XXV.

[Sheffield.]

13th October, 1879 . . . 77

LETTER XXVI.

Sheffield.

17th October, 1879 . . . 79

LETTER XXVII.

31st October, 1879 . . . 82

CONTENTS.

xi

PAGE

LETTER XXVIII.

12th November, 1879 83

LETTER XXIX.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.

10th May, 1880 84

LETTER XXX.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.

May, 1880 86

LETTER XXXI.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.

14th May, 1880 88

LETTER XXXII.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.

26th May, 1880 90

LETTER XXXIII.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.

7th June, 1880 91

LETTER XXXIV.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.

13th April, 1881 93

LETTER XXXV.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.

23rd April, 1881 95

LETTER XXXVI.

[Switzerland.]

20th November, 1882 98

LETTER XXXVII.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.

22nd January, 1883 100

LETTER XXXVIII.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs.

6th February, 1883 102

LETTERS.

LETTERS
OF
JOHN RUSKIN.

LETTER I.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

November 1st, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am sincerely obliged for your letter ;
I am always necessarily in a false position with people whom I cannot speak to as I have spoken to you. They assume—naturally—that on the whole I am very well off—enjoying my work—doing as I choose—and hypochondriac

perhaps from having too much my own way. You will henceforward understand me better—though no happy man—least of all a man happy in his family, *can* understand the separation from God which a life so wretched as mine signifies. No matter how foolish one may have been—one can't expect a moth with both its wings burnt off, and dropt into the hot tallow, to sing Psalms with what is left it of antennæ.

Ever truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

LETTER II.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

July 23rd, 1875.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

Thanks for your note and your kind feelings. But you ought to know more about me. I profess to be a teacher ; as you profess, also. But we teach on totally different methods. *You* believe what you wish to believe, teach that it is wicked to doubt it, and remain at rest, and in much self-satisfaction. *I* believe what I find to be true, whether I like or dislike it, and I teach other people that the chief of all wickednesses is to tell lies in God's service and to

disgrace our Master and destroy His sheep as *involuntary* wolves.

I, therefore, am in perpetual effort to learn and discern,—in perpetual unrest, and Dis-satisfaction with myself. But it would simply require you to do twenty years of such hard work as I have done, before you could in any true sense “speak” a word to me on such matters. You could not use a word in my sense; it would always mean, to *you*, something different. For instance—one of my quite *bye* works, in learning my business of a teacher—was to read the New Testament through in the earliest Greek MS. (eleventh century) which I could get hold of. I examined every syllable of it, and have more notes on various readings, and on the real meanings of perverted passages, than you would get through in a year’s work. But I should require you to do the same work before I would discuss a text with you. From that,

and *such* work in all kinds, I have formed opinions which you could no more move than you could Coniston Old Man. They may be wrong, God knows; I *trust* in them infinitely less than you do in those which you have formed simply by refusing to examine—or to think,—or to know what is doing in the world about you. But you cannot stir them.

I very, very rarely make presents of my books. If people are inclined to learn from them, I say to them as a physician would, "Pay me my fee—you will not obey me if I give you advice for nothing." But I should like a kind neighbour like you to know something about me—and I have therefore desired my publisher to send you *one** of many books which—after doing the work I have done, you would have to read, before you could really use words in my meanings. If you will read the

* *The Crown of Wild Olive.*

introduction carefully, and especially dwell on the 10th to 15th lines of the 15th page of the introduction,—you will at least know me a little better than to think I believe in my *own* Resurrection—but not in Christ's ; and if you look to the final essay on War, may find some things in it which will be of interest to you in your own work. Please also read carefully the 84th and 85th pages of text. I shall hope to see you with your friends on the day you name.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I will answer the other parts of your letter *vivâ voce*—about money, &c. When you know more of me, you will find I am now a beggar—not a giver. I have given seven thousand pounds to a charity of my own fancy*, and now—beg of others for that only.

* *The St. George's Guild.*

I will say one word as to your own letter. You say, "We see the *effects* of the *Resurrection*." Pardon me—you see only the effects of *belief* in it. There is not an ornament on your tongs—poker—or railroad carriage which is not the effect of belief in Jupiter, and the birth of Athena from his head. But they don't prove the facts, for all that.

LETTER III.

[BRANTWOOD.]

September 8th, 1876.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I am grateful for your letters, but if you will calculate the work necessary for the tasks I have in hand you will find I have absolutely no time for private correspondence, except what is owed to dear friends and full fellow workers. You have also your own sufficient work—and I do not suppose it will ever bring you much in the way of mine. When you feel inclined to help me, you must find out how by reading *Fors* carefully. I don't debate. I simply say—Whosoever likes to come thus, let him come, else let him attend

to his own work and not attempt to judge mine.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. R.

There is nothing whatever said as far as I remember in the July *Fors* about people's surrendering their judgment. A colonel does not surrender his judgment in obeying his general—nor a soldier in obeying his colonel. But there can be no army where they *act* on their own judgment. The Society of Jesuits is a splendid proof of the power of obedience—but its curse is falsehood ; when the master of St. George's company bids you lie—it will be time to compare our discipline to the Jesuits. We are their precise opposite—fiercely and at all costs *frank*, while they are calmly and for all interests lying.

LETTER IV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

June 20th, [1879.]

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I could not at once answer your important letter : for, though I felt at once the impossibility of my venturing to address such an audience as you proposed, I am unwilling to fail in answering to any call relating to matters respecting which my feelings have been long so earnest, if in any wise it were possible for me to be of service therein. My health—or want of it—now utterly forbids my engagement in any duty involving excitement or acute

intellectual effort ; but I think, before the first Tuesday in August, I might be able to write one or two letters to yourself, referring to, and more or less completing, some passages already printed in *Fors* and elsewhere, which might, on your reading any portions you thought available, become matter of discussion during the meeting at some leisure time, after its own main purposes had been answered.

At all events, I will think over what I should like to be able to represent to such a meeting, and only beg you not to think me insensible of the honour done me by your wish, and of the gravity of the trust reposed in me.

Ever most faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER V.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

June 23rd, [18]79.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

Walking, and talking, are now alike impossible to me ; my strength is gone for both ; nor do I believe talking on such matters to be of the least use except to promote, between sensible people, kindly feeling and knowledge of each other's personal characters. I have every trust in *your* kindness and truth ; nor do I fear being myself misunderstood by you ; what I may be able to put into written form, so as to admit of being laid before your guests

in council, must be set down without any question of personal feeling—as simply as a mathematical question or demonstration.

The mathematical question which it seems to me such an assembly may be earnestly called on by laymen to solve is surely axiomatic : the definition of themselves as a body, and of their business as such. Namely : Whether as clergymen of the Church of England they consider themselves merely so called as the attached servants of a particular state—as one would say. The guides of Chamouni or Grindelwald, a numbered body of examined and trustworthy persons belonging to those villages, who nevertheless have no Grindelwaldic, Chamounic, or otherwise sectarian opinions on the subject of geography or glacier walking, but are prepared to teach a common and universal science of Locality and Athletics, founded on sure survey and practice.

Are the clergymen of the Ecclesia of England thus simply the attached and salaried guides of England and the English, in the way known of all good men, that leadeth unto life?—or are they, on the contrary, a body of men holding, or in any legal manner required or compelled to hold, opinions on the subject—say, of the height of the Celestial Mountains, the crevasses which go down quickest to the pit, and other cognate points of science,—differing from, or even contrary to, the tenets of the guides of the Church of France, the Church of Italy, and other Christian countries? Is not this the first of all questions which a Clerical Council has to answer in open terms?

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER VI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

July 6th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

You must make no public announcement of any paper by me. I am not able to count on my powers of mind for an hour—and will absolutely undertake no responsibility. What I do send you—if anything—will be in the form of a series of short letters to yourself—of which you have already the first :—this, the second, for the sake of continuing the order unbroken, contains the next following question I should like to ask.—If when the sequence of letters

is in your possession you like to read any part or parts of them as a subject of discussion at your afternoon meetings I shall be glad and grateful.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—My first letter contained a Layman's plea for clear answer to the question, "What is a clergyman of the Church of England?" Supposing the answer to this first to be, that the clergy of the Church of England are teachers, not of the Gospel of England, but of the Gospel to all nations; and not of the Gospel of Luther, nor of the Gospel of Augustine, but of the Gospel of Christ,—then the Layman's second question would be :

Can this Gospel of Christ in its essential conditions be put into such plain words and short terms as that a plain man may understand it?—and, if so, would it not be, in a quite primal sense,

desirable that it should be so, rather than left to be gathered out of Thirty-nine Articles, written by no means in clear English, and referring, for further explanation of exactly the most important point in the whole tenor of their teaching,* to a "Homily of Justification,"† which is not generally in the possession, or even probably within the comprehension, of simple persons?

* Art. XI.

† Homily XI. of the Second Table.

LETTER VII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

July 8th, '79.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I am so very glad that you approve of the letter plan, as it enables me to build up what I would fain try to say, of little stones, without lifting too much for my strength at once ; and the sense of addressing a friend who understands me and sympathizes with me prevents my being brought to a stand by continual need for apology, or fear of giving offence.

But yet I do not quite see why you should feel my asking for a simple and comprehensible statement of the Chris-

tian Gospel as startling. Are you not bid to go into *all* the world and preach it to every creature? (I should myself think the clergyman most likely to do good who accepted the *πάσῃ τῇ κτίσει* so literally as at least to sympathize with St. Francis' sermon to the birds, and to feel that feeding either sheep or fowls, or unmuzzling the ox, or keeping the wrens alive in the snow, would be received by their Heavenly Feeder as the *perfect* fulfilment of His "Feed my sheep" in the higher sense.) That's all a parenthesis; for although I should think your good company would all agree that kindness to animals was a kind of preaching to them, and that hunting and vivisection were a kind of blasphemy to them, I want only to put the sterner question before your council, *how* this Gospel is to be preached either *πανταχοῦ* or to *πάντα τὰ ἔθνη* if first its preachers have not determined quite clearly what

it *is* ? And might not such definition, acceptable to the entire body of the Church of Christ, be arrived at by merely explaining, in their completeness and life, the terms of the Lord's Prayer — the first words taught to children all over the Christian world ?

I will try to explain what I mean of its several articles, in following letters ; and in answer to the question with which you close your last I can only say that you are at perfect liberty to use any, or all, or any parts of them, as you think good. Usually, when I am asked if letters may be printed, I say : “ Assuredly, provided only that you print them *entire*.” But in your hands I withdraw even this condition, and trust gladly to your judgment, remaining always

Faithfully and affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

LETTER VIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

July 10th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

My meaning, in saying that the Lord's Prayer might be made a foundation of Gospel-teaching, was not that it contained all that Christian ministers have to teach, but that it contains what all Christians are agreed upon as first to be taught ; and that no good parish-working pastor in any district of the world but would be glad to take his part in making it clear and living to his congregation.

And the first clause of it, of course

rightly explained, gives us the ground of what is surely a mighty part of the Gospel—its “first and great commandment,” namely, that we have a Father whom we *can* love, and are required to love, and to desire to be with Him in Heaven, wherever that may be.

And to declare that we have such a loving Father, whose mercy is over *all* His works, and whose will and law is so lovely and loveable that it is sweeter than honey, and more precious than gold, to those who can “taste” and “see” that the Lord is Good—this, surely, is a most pleasant and glorious good message and spell to bring to men—as distinguished from the evil message and accursed spell that Satan has brought to the nations of the world instead of it, that they have no Father, but only “a consuming fire” ready to devour them, unless they are delivered from its raging flame by some scheme of pardon for which they are to

be thankful, not to the Father, but to the Son. Supposing this first article of the true Gospel agreed to, how would the blessing that closes the epistles of that Gospel become intelligible, instead of dead : “The grace of Christ, and the *love* of God, and the fellowship, &c.”—the most *tender* word being that used of the Father ?

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

LETTER IX.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

July 12th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I wonder how many, even of those who honestly and attentively join in our Church services, attach any distinct idea to the second clause of the Lord's Prayer, the *first petition* of it, the first thing that they are ordered by Christ to seek of their Father?

Am I unjust in thinking that most of them have little more notion on the matter than that God had forbidden "bad language," and wishes them to pray that everybody may be civil to

Him? Is it any otherwise with the third Commandment? Do not most look on it merely in the light of the statute of swearing? and read the “will not hold him guiltless” merely as a delicate intimation that, however carelessly a man may let out a round oath, there really *is* something wrong in it? On the other hand, can anything be more tremendous than the words themselves—double-negated : οὐ γὰρ μὴ καθαρίσῃ . . . κύριος?

For *other* sins there is washing ;—for this, none ! the 7th marking the real power of the English, which (I suppose) is literal to the Hebrew.

To my layman’s mind, of practical need in the present state of the Church, nothing is so immediate as that of explaining to the congregation the meaning of being gathered in His name, and having Him in the midst of them ; as, on the other hand, of being gathered in blasphemy of His name, and having

the devil in the midst of them—presiding over the prayers which have become an abomination.

For the entire body of the texts in the Gospel against hypocrisy are one and all nothing but the expansion of the threatening that closes the Third Commandment. For as “the name whereby He shall be called is *The Lord our Righteousness*” the taking that name in vain is the sum of “the deceivableness of *unrighteousness* in them that perish.”

Without dwelling on the possibility—which I do not myself, however, for a moment doubt—of an honest clergyman’s being able actually to prevent the entrance among his congregation of persons leading openly wicked lives, could any subject of consideration be more vital to the purposes of your meeting than the difference between the present and the possible state of the Christian Church

which would result were it more the effort of zealous parish priests, instead of getting wicked *poor* people to *come* to Church, to get the wicked rich ones to stay out of it?

Lest, in any discussion of such question, it might be, as it too often is, alleged that "the Lord looketh upon the heart," etc., let me be permitted to say—with as much positiveness as may express my 'deepest conviction—that, while indeed it is the Lord's business to look upon the heart, it is the pastor's to look upon the hands and lips; and that the foulest oaths of the thief and the street-walker are, in the ears of God, sinless as the hawk's cry, or the gnat's murmur, compared to the responses, in His Church service, on the lips of the usurer and the adulterer, who have destroyed, not their own souls only, but those outcast ones. It is for the meeting of Clergymen themselves—not for a layman addressing

them—to ask further, how much the name of God may be taken in vain, and profaned instead of hallowed—in the pulpit, as well as under it.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER X.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

July 14th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

Sincere thanks for both your letters and the proofs sent. Your comment and conducting link, when needed, will be of the greatest help and value, I am well assured, suggesting what you know will be the probable feeling of your hearers, and the point that will come into question.

Yes, certainly, that "His" in the fourth line was meant to imply that eternal presence of Christ; as in another passage, referring to the Crea-

tion, "When His right hand strewed the snow on Lebanon, and raised the slopes of Calvary;" but in so far as we dwell on that truth, "Hast thou seen *Me*, Philip, and not the Father?" We are not teaching the people what is specially the Gospel of Christ as having a distinct function, namely to serve the Father and do the Father's will. And in all His relations to us, and commands to us, it is as the Son of Man, not the "power of God and wisdom of God," that He acts and speaks. Not the Power; for *He* must pray, like one of *us*. Not as the Wisdom; for He must not know "*if* it be possible" His prayer should be heard. And in what I want to say of the third clause of His prayer (*His*, not merely as His ordering, but His using), it is especially this confusion between *His* kingdom, and His Father's, that I want to see the disciples guarded against. I believe very

few, even of the most earnest, using that petition, realize that it is the Father's — not the Son's — kingdom, that they pray may come,—although the whole prayer is foundational on that fact: “*For thine* is, &c.” And I fancy that the mind of the most faithful Christian is quite led away from its proper hope, by dwelling on the reign—or the coming again—of Christ; which, indeed, they are to look for, and *watch* for, but not to *pray* for. Their prayer is to be for the greater kingdom to which He, risen and having all His enemies under His feet, is to surrender *His*, “that God may be All in All.”

And, though the greatest, it is *that* everlasting kingdom which the poorest of us can advance. We cannot hasten Christ's coming. “Of the day and the hour, knoweth none.” But the kingdom of God is as a grain of mustard-seed:—We can sow of it; it is as a

foam-globe of leaven : we can mingle it ; and its glory and joy are that even the birds of the air can lodge in the branches thereof.

Forgive me for getting back to my sparrows ; but truly in the present state of England, the fowls of the air are the only creatures, tormented and murdered as they are, that yet *have* here and there nests, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. And it would be well if many of us, in reading that text, "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink," had even got as far as the understanding that it was at least as much, and that until we had fed the hungry, there was no power in us to inspire the happy.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

I will write my feeling about the pieces of the Life of Christ you have sent me in a private letter. I may say

at once that I am sure it will do much good, and will be upright and intelligible, which how few religious writings are !

LETTER XI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

July 30th, [1879.]

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I fear I have kept the proofs too long, but I wanted to look at them again. I am confirmed in my impression that the book will do much good, but I think it would have done more if you had written the lives of two or three of your parishioners. Just as I would answer to a painter who sent me a picture of the Last Supper—"You had better it seems to me have painted a Harvest Home." I am greatly doubtful of the possibility, in

these days, of writing or painting on
such subjects, advisedly and securely.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

LETTER XII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

[*July 31st, 1879.*]

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I have received this week the two most astonishing letters I ever yet received in my life. And one of them is yours read this morning, telling me that you don't think you could write the life of an old woman. Yet you think you *can* write the Life of Christ !

If you can at all explain this state of your mind to me, I will tell you more distinctly what I think of the piece I saw. But I don't think you will communicate the thought to your publisher,

and I never meant you to use my former one, in that manner. Mind, a publisher thinks only of money, and *I* know nothing of saleableness. The pause in my other letters is one of pure astonishment at *you*; which at present occupies all the time I have to spare on the subject, and has culminated to-day.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

I am so puzzled—I can scarcely think of anything else—till you tell me what you mean, and the bit about being “called late.” Have you done no work in the vineyard, yet, then?

LETTER XIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

August 2nd, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I am still simply speechless with astonishment at you. It is no question of your *right* to the best I can say—it is all at your command; but for the present my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. I can only tell you with all the strength I have, to read, and understand, and believe II. *Esdra*s iv. verses 2, 20, 21.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XIV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
August 4th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

It is just because you undertook the task so *happily*, that I should have thought you unfit to write the life of a Man of Sorrows, even had He been a Man only. But your last letter (remember) claims Inspiration for your guide, and recognises a personal Call—at sixty—as if the Call to the Ministry had been none, and the receiving the Holy Ghost by imposition of hands an empty ceremony.

In writing the life of a parishioner,

and remitting or retaining their sins, you would, in my conception, have been fulfilling your appointed work. But I cannot conceive the claim to be a fifth Evangelist without more proof of miraculous appointment to that office than you are conscious of. I know you to be conscientious, yes, but I think the judicial doom of this country is to have the conscience alike of its Priests and Prophets *hardened*.

Why should any letter of mine make you anxious if you are indeed conscious of inspiration?

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

LETTER XV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
August 7th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I hope to be able soon now to resume the series of letters ; but it seems to me there is no need whatever of more than three or four more, respecting the last clauses of the Lord's Prayer. Those in your hands contain questions enough, seriously entertained to occupy twenty meetings ; and I could only hope that some *one* of them might be carefully taken up by your friends. I think, however, in case of the clerical feeling being too strong, that I must

ask you if you print the letters at all, to print them without omission, and if you do not print them, to return to me, for my own expansion and arrangement.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

LETTER XVI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
August 9th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I was reading the second chapter of Malachi this morning, by chance, and wondering how many clergymen ever read it, and took to heart the "commandment for *them*."

For they are always ready enough to call themselves priests (though they know themselves to be nothing of the sort), whenever there is any dignity to be got out of the title ; but, whenever there is any good, hot scolding or unpleasant advice given them by the

prophets, in that self-assumed character of theirs, they are as ready to quit it as ever Dionysus his lion-skin, when he finds the character of Herakles inconvenient.

“Ye have wearied the Lord with your words” (yes, and some of His people too, in your time), “yet ye say, Wherein have we wearied Him? When ye say, Every one that doeth evil is good in the sight of the Lord, and He delighteth in them; or, Where is the God of judgment?”

How many, again and again I wonder, of the lively young ecclesiastics supplied to the demand of our increasing west ends of flourishing Cities of the Plain, ever consider what sort of sin it is for which God (unless they lay it to heart) will “curse their blessings, and spread dung upon their faces;” or have understood, even in the dimmest manner, what part *they* had taken, and were taking, in “cor-

rupting the covenant of the Lord with *Levi*, and causing many to stumble at the Law."

Perhaps the most subtle and unconscious way in which the religious teachers upon whom the end of the world is come, have done this, is in never telling their people the meaning of the clause in the Lord's Prayer, which of all others, their most earnest hearers have oftenest on their lips : "Thy will be done." They allow their people to use it as if their Father's will were always to kill their babies, or do something unpleasant to them, instead of explaining to them that the first and intensest article of their Father's will was their own sanctification, and following comfort and wealth ; and that the one only path to national prosperity and to domestic peace, was to understand what the will of the Lord was, and to do all they could to get it done. Whereas one

would think, by the tone of the eagerest preachers nowadays, that they held their blessed office to be that, not of showing them how to do their Father's will on earth, but how to get to heaven without doing any of it either here or there !

I say, especially, the most *eager* preachers ; for nearly the whole missionary body (with the hottest Evangelistic sect of the English Church) is at this moment composed of men who think the Gospel they are to carry to mend the world with, forsooth, is that, "If any man sin, he hath an Advocate with the Father ;" while I have never yet, in my own experience, met with either a Missionary or a Town Bishop who so much as professed *himself* "to understand what the will of the Lord " was, far less to teach anybody else to do it ; and for fifty preachers, yes, and fifty hundreds whom I have heard proclaiming the Mediator of the New

Testament, that "they which were called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance," I have never yet heard so much as *one* heartily proclaiming against all those "deceivers with vain words" (Eph. v. 6), that no covetous person which is an idolater, hath *any* inheritance in the kingdom of Christ, or of God; and on myself personally and publicly challenging the Bishops of England generally, and by name the Bishop of Manchester, to say whether usury was, or was not, according to the will of God, I have received no answer from any one of them.

August 13th, 1879.

Ending letter of August 9th.

I have allowed myself, in the beginning of this letter, to dwell on the equivocal use of the word "Priest" in the English Church (see "Christopher Harvey," Grosart's edition, p. 38), because the assumption of the media-

torial, in defect of the pastoral, office by the clergy fulfils itself, naturally and always, in their pretending to absolve the sinner from his punishment, instead of purging him from his sin, and practically, in their general patronage and encouragement of all the iniquity of the world, by steadily preaching away the penalties of it. So that the great cities of the earth, which ought to be the places set on its hills, with the Temple of the Lord in the midst of them, to which the tribes should go up,—centres to the Kingdoms and Provinces of Honour, Virtue, and the Knowledge of the law of God,—have become, instead, loathsome centres of fornication and covetousness—the smoke of their sin going up into the face of heaven like the furnace of Sodom, and the pollution of it rotting and raging through the bones and the souls of the peasant people round them, as if they were each a volcano whose ashes

broke out in blains upon man and upon beast.

And in the midst of them, their freshly-set-up steeples ring the crowd to a weekly prayer that the rest of their lives may be pure and holy, while they have not the slightest intention of purifying, sanctifying, or changing their lives in any the smallest particular ; and their clergy gather, each unto himself, the curious dual power, and Janus-faced majesty in mischief, of the prophet who prophesies falsely, and the priest that bears rule by his means.

And the people love to have it so.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XVII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

August 19th, 1879.

DEAR MR MALLESON,

I retained the foregoing letter by me till now, lest you should think it written in any haste or petulance: but it is every word deliberate, though expressing the bitterness of twenty years of vain sorrow and pleading concerning these things. Nor am I able to write, otherwise, anything of the next following clause of the prayer; for no words could be burning enough to tell evils which have come on the world from men's using it thoughtlessly and blas-

phemously, praying God to give them what they are deliberately resolved to steal. For all true Christianity is known—as its Master was—in breaking of bread, and all false Christianity in stealing it.

Let the clergyman only apply—with impartial and level sweep—to his congregation the great pastoral order: “The man that will not work, neither shall he eat”; and be resolute in requiring each member of his flock to tell him *what*—day by day—they do to earn their dinners; and he will find an entirely new view of life and its sacraments open upon him and them. For the man who is not—day by day—doing work which will earn his dinner, must be stealing his dinner; and the actual fact is, that the great mass of men calling themselves Christians do actually live by robbing the poor of their bread, and by no other trade whatsoever; and the simple ex-

amination of the mode of produce and consumption of European food—who digs for it and who eats it—will prove that to any honest human soul.

Nor is it possible for any Christian Church to exist but in pollutions and hypocrisies beyond all words, until the virtues of a life moderate in its self-indulgence, and wide in its offices of temporal ministry to the poor, are insisted on as the normal conditions in which, only, the prayer to God for the harvest of the earth is other than blasphemy. In the second place. Since in the parable in Luke, the bread asked for is shown to be also, and chiefly, the Holy Spirit (Luke xi. 13), and the prayer, "Give us each day our daily bread" is, in its fulness, the disciples' "Lord, evermore give us *this* bread," the clergyman's question to his whole flock, primarily literal, "Children, have ye any meat?" must ultimately be always the greater spiritual

one : "Children, have ye here any Holy Spirit?" or, "Have ye not yet heard whether there *be* any? and, instead of a Holy Ghost the Lord and Giver of Life, do you only believe in an unholy mammon, Lord and Giver of Death?"

The opposition between the two Lords has been, and will be as long as the world lasts, absolute, irreconcilable, mortal ; and the clergyman's first message to his people of this day is—if he be faithful—"Choose ye this day, whom ye will serve."

I am, dear Mr. Malleeson,

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XVIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
August 30th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I have your two kind little notes. It is a pleasure to me that Christopher Harvey is not in your library, for it will be a privilege to me to be allowed to place it there. I send it by this post, and I doubt not you will have many a happy hour with it. There comes with it also the first volume of the books of mine I *do* wish the public to read * ; and if you can get Mr. Crosse to look at the opening lecture in it which discusses the office of books in

* *Sesame and Lilies.*

general, I believe he will not think the writer of it likely to let public fancy or demand guide him in his decision which of his books they shall or shall *not* have cheap. This question of book price is touched upon at p. 44, and if Mr. Crosse will read on to the sixtieth, he will find more important things — wholly indisputable — stated concerning national policy than all the journals of England have had in them for the last twelvemonth.* You will find the *priest* question also touched on, with others, at p. 22. I will look up the passages in *Fors*, and send you them on Monday, and shall be most glad to answer as I best can, any notes you send me on the subject of the letters.

Always affectionately yours,

J. R.

* The passage for instance about poor's rates at bottom of page 57 is worth all the five volumes of *Modern Painters*—and five thousand issues of the *Times* in one.

LETTER XIX.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

September 2nd, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

That there are only 100 copies in that form is greater reason why the book should be in *your* library, where it will be enjoyed and useful, and not in mine, where it would not be opened once in a twelvemonth. It is one of the advantages of a small house (and it has many) that one is compelled to consider of all one's books, whether they are really in use or not.

I yesterday ordered a *Fors* to be sent you, containing in its close, the most

important piece of a religious character in the book. *This* I hope you will also allow to stay on your shelves. The two I send with this note contain so much that is saucy that I only send them in case you want to look at the challenge, referred to in the letters, to the Bishop of Manchester, see *October* '77, pp. 322, 323, and *January* '75, p. 11. You can keep as long as you like, but please take care of them as my index is not yet done! The next letter will come before the week's out, but it's a difficult one.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

LETTER XX.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
September 3rd, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I have been very long before trying to say so much as a word about the sixth clause of the Pater ; for whenever I began thinking of it, I was stopped by the sorrowful sense of the hopeless task you poor clergymen had, nowadays, in recommending and teaching people to love their enemies, when their whole energies were already devoted to swindling their friends.

But, in any days, past or now, the clause is one of such difficulty, that, to understand it, means almost "to know

the love of God which passeth knowledge."

But, at all events, it is surely the pastor's duty to prevent his flock from *mis*understanding it; and above all things to keep them from supposing that God's forgiveness is to be had simply for the asking, by those who "sin wilfully after they have received the knowledge of the truth." There is one very simple lesson, also needed especially by people in circumstances of happy life, which I have never heard fully enforced from the pulpit, and which is usually the more lost sight of, because the fine and inaccurate word "trespasses" is so often used instead of the simple and accurate one, "debts." Among people well educated and happily circumstanced, it may easily happen that long periods of their lives pass without any such conscious sin as could, on any discovery or memory of it, make them

cry out, in truth and pain, "I have sinned against the Lord." But scarcely an hour of their happy days can pass over them without leaving—were their hearts open—some evidence written there that they have "left undone the things that they ought to have done," and giving them bitterer and heavier cause to cry and cry again—for ever, in the pure words of their Master's prayer, "*Dimitte nobis debita nostra.*"

In connection with the more accurate translation of "debts," rather than "trespasses," it would surely be well to keep constantly in the mind of complacent and inoffensive congregations, that in Christ's own prophecy of the manner of the last judgment, the condemnation is pronounced only on the sins of omission: "I was hungry and ye gave me no meat."

But whatever the manner of sin, by offence or defect, which the preacher fears in his people, surely he has of

late been wholly remiss in compelling their definite recognition of it, in its several and personal particulars. Nothing in the various inconsistency of human nature is more grotesque than its willingness to be taxed with any quantity of sins in the gross, and its resentment at the insinuation of having committed the smallest parcel of them in detail. And the English Liturgy, evidently drawn up with the amiable intention of making religion as pleasant as possible to a people desirous of saving their souls with no great degree of personal inconvenience, is perhaps in no point more unwholesomely lenient than in its concession to the popular conviction that we may obtain the present advantages, and escape the future punishment, of any sort of iniquity, by dexterously concealing the manner of it from man, and triumphantly confessing the quantity of it to God.

Finally, whatever the advantages and decencies of a form of prayer, and how wide soever the scope given to its collected passages, it cannot be at one and the same time fitted for the use of a body of well-taught and experienced Christians, such as should join the services of a Church nineteen centuries old,—and adapted to the needs of the timid sinner who has that day first entered its porch, or of the remorseful publican who has only recently become sensible of his call to a pew.

And surely our clergy need not be surprised at the daily increasing distrust in the public mind of the efficacy of Prayer, after having so long insisted on their offering supplication, at least every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, that the rest of their lives hereafter might be pure and holy, leaving them conscious all the while that they would be similarly required

to inform the Lord next week, at the same hour, that "there was no health in them"!

Among the much-rebuked follies and abuses of so-called "Ritualism," none that I have heard of are indeed so dangerously and darkly "Ritual" as this piece of authorised mockery of the most solemn act of human life, and only entrance of eternal life—Repentance.

Believe me, dear Mr. Malleeson,
Ever faithfully and respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

[September 9th, 1879.]

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

There is absolutely no debate *possible* as to what usury is—any more than what Adultery is. The Church has only been polluted by the indulgence of it since the 16th century. Usury is *any kind whatever* of interest on loan, and it is the essential modern form of Satan.

I send you an old book full of sound and eternal teaching on this matter. Please take care of it, as a friend's gift and one I would not lose

for its weight in gold. Please read first the sermon by Bishop Jewell, p. 14, and then the rest at your pleasure or leisure.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

No "halls" are wanted—they are all rich men's excuses for destroying the *home life* of England. The public library should be at the village school—(and I could put ten thousand pounds worth of books into a single cupboard!)—and all that is done for education should be pure gift. Do you think this rich England, which spends fifty millions a year in drink and gunpowder, can't educate her poor without being paid interest for her charity?

LETTER XXII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

September 13th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I am so very grateful for your proposal to edit the letters without further reference to me. I think that will be exactly the right way: and I believe I can put you at real *ease* in the doing of it—by explaining as I can in very few words the kind of *carte blanche* I should rejoicingly give you. Interrupted to-day: more to-morrow with, I hope, the last letter.

LETTER XXIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

Sunday, September 14th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I've nearly done the last letter, but will keep it till to-morrow rather than finish hurriedly for the early post.

Your nice little note has just come ; and I can only say that you cannot please me better than by acting with perfect freedom in all ways, and that I only want to see, or reply to, what you wish me for the matter's sake. And surely there is no occasion for any thought or waste of type, about *me* personally, except only to express

your knowledge of my real desire for the health and power of the Church. More than this praise you *must* not give me, for I have learnt almost everything I may say that I know—by my errors.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXIV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

September 14th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

The gentle words in your last letter referring to the difference between yourself and me in the degree of hope with which you could regard what could not but appear to the general mind Utopian in designs for the action of the Christian Church, surely might best be answered by appeal to the consistent tone of the prayer we have been examining.

Is not every one of its petitions for a perfect state? And is not this last

clause of it, of which we are to think to-day—if fully understood—a petition not only for the restoration of Paradise, but of Paradise in which there shall be no deadly fruit, or, at least, no tempter to praise it? And may we not admit that it is probably only for want of the earnest use of this last petition, that not only the preceding ones have become formal with us, but that the private and simply restricted prayer for the little things we each severally desire, has become by some Christians dreaded and unused, and by others used faithlessly, and therefore with disappointment?

And is it not for want of this special directness and simplicity of petition, and of the sense of its acceptance, that the whole nature of prayer has been doubted in our hearts, and disgraced by our lips; that we are afraid to ask God's blessing on the earth, when the scientific people tell

us He has made previous arrangements to curse it ; and that, instead of obeying, without fear or debate, the plain order, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full," we sorrowfully sink back into the apology for prayer, that "it is a wholesome exercise, even when fruitless," and that we ought piously always to suppose that the text really means no more than "Ask, and ye shall *not* receive, that your joy may be *empty*" ?

Supposing we were first all of us quite sure that we *had* prayed, honestly, the prayer against temptation, and that we would thankfully be refused anything we had set our hearts upon, if indeed God saw that it would lead us into evil, might we not have confidence afterwards that He in whose hand the king's heart is, as the rivers of water, would turn our tiny little hearts also in the way that

they should go, and that *then* the special prayer for the joys He taught them to seek, would be answered to the last syllable, and to overflowing? It is surely scarcely necessary to say, farther, what the holy teachers of all nations have invariably concurred in showing,—that faithful prayer implies always resolute correlative exertion; and that no man can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it. But, in modern days, the first aim of all Christian parents is to place their children in circumstances where the temptations (which they are apt to call “opportunities”) may be as great and as many as possible; where the sight and promise of “all these things” in Satan’s gift may be brilliantly near; and where the act of “falling down to worship me” may be partly con-

cealed and partly excused, as involuntary, by the shelter and pressure of the concurrent crowd. In what respect the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of *them*, differ from the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory, which are God's for ever, is seldom, as far as I have heard, intelligibly explained from the pulpit ; and still less the irreconcilable hostility between the two royalties and realms asserted in its sternness of decision.

Whether it be indeed Utopian to believe that the kingdom we are taught to pray for *may*—verily come—for the asking, it is surely not for man to judge ; but it is at least at his choice to resolve that he will no longer render obedience, nor ascribe glory and power, to the devil. If he cannot find strength in himself to advance towards Heaven, he may at least say to the power of Hell, “Get thee behind me ;” and staying himself

on the testimony of Him who saith,
"Surely I come quickly," ratify his
happy prayer with the faithful "Amen,
even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Ever, my dear friend,

Believe me affectionately
and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXV.

[SHEFFIELD.]

October 13th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I did not get your kind and interesting letter till yesterday, and can only write in utter haste this morning to say that I think nothing can possibly be more satisfactory (to me personally at least, or more honourable) than what you tell me of the wish of the meeting to have the letters printed for their quiet consideration.

They are entirely at your command and theirs—but don't sell the copyright to any bookseller. Keep it in

your own hands, and after expenses are paid, of course any profits should go to the poor.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

LETTER XXVI.

SHEFFIELD,
October 17th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I am sincerely interested and moved by your history of your laborious life, and shall be entirely glad to leave the completed volume as your property provided always you sell it to no publisher, but take just percentage on the editions. And provided also that an edition be issued of the letters themselves in their present simple form, and of which the profits (if any) shall be for the poor of the district. It would lower your position in the whole matter

if it could be hinted that I had written the letters with any semi-purpose of serving my friend ; on the other hand, you will have just and honourable right to the profits of the complete edition which your labour and judgment will have made possible, and guided into the most serviceable form.

I am thankful to see that the letters read clearly and easily, and contain all that it was in my mind to get said, and nothing can possibly be more right in every way than the printing and binding—nor more courteous and firm than your preface. Yes—there *will* be a chasm to cross—*tauriformis Aufidus*—greater than Rubicon—and the roar of it for many a year has been heard in the distance through the gathering fog on the earth, more loudly. The River of Spiritual Death to this world, and entrance to Purgatory in the other, come down to us. When will the feet of the Priests be dipped in the still

brim of the water? Jordan overfloweth his banks—already.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

When you have got your large edition with its correspondence into press, I should like to read the sheets as they are issued and put merely letters of reference, to be taken up in a short epilogue. But I don't want to do or say anything till you have all in perfect readiness for publication—I should merely add my reference letters in the margin, and the shortest possible notes at the end. Please send me ten more of these private ones for my own friends. There is not I think a *single* misprint, except only *assumed* for *ashamed*, p. 17, line 8 from bottom.

LETTER XXVII.

October 31st, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

Written contracts are all very well, but if the contractor stops payment—where are you? I strongly recommend you to take patience yet awhile. The letters are yours, yes; but I wrote them for the sake of your society—and I think that society, of which one member paid for the private printing, will have much cause of complaint if the letters are pitched into the public highway without their answers. I am quite sure the large book ought to be the first published.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

LETTER XXVIII.

November 12th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,

I must entirely decline, once for all, all interference with, or complicity in, the publication of those letters. They are yours, and you must be wholly answerable to your friends and fellow-clergymen for what you do with them. All that I choose to express of opinion on the matter has been already given.

Affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

You need never hope for telegraphic answers from *me*. I never read my letters till my day's work is done, nor answer without thought.

LETTER XXIX.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

May 10th, 1880.

MY DEAR MALLESON,

Yes, the omission of the "Mr." meant much change in all my feelings towards you, and estimates of you—for which change, believe me, I am more glad and thankful than I can well tell you. Not but that, of course, I always felt your essential goodness and rightness of mind, but I did not at all understand the scope of them.

And you will have the second of the visitation of the sick—though, every day, I am more sure of the mistake made by good people universally, in

trying to pull fallen people up, instead of keeping the yet safe ones from tumbling after them ; and always spending their pains on the worst instead of the best material. If they want to be able to save the lost like Christ, let them first be sure they can say with Him—"Of them thou gavest me—I have lost none."

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXX.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

May, 1880.

MY DEAR MALLESON,

I am heartily glad to hear there's a chance it's a mistake. I can't have any visiting, and if you were clear of all the F's and R's and every other pestilent letter in the alphabet, I must make you understand, what I've told you now twenty times if once, that I *won't talk*. I see people whom I can teach, or who can teach me—you can be neither pupil nor master. You come simply to amuse *yourself*, and you have not the slightest power of sympathy with other people (else you

wouldn't be a clergyman !) with the quantity of real sense and feeling that you have. I can't write any more to-day.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

LETTER XXXI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

May 14th, 1880.

MY DEAR MALLESON,

I've just done yesterday with Scott, and took up the letters, the first time this morning, seriously. I had never seen *yours* at all when I wrote last. I have this morning been reading yours over, on which I very earnestly congratulate you. God knows it isn't because they are friendly or complimentary, but because you *do* see what I mean, and people hardly ever do. I think it needs very considerable power and feeling to forgive and understand as you do. You have said everything

I want to say, and much more, except on the one point of excommunication—which will be the chief, almost the only, subject of my final note. I write in haste to excuse myself for my former note.

Ever affectionately and gratefully
yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXXII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

May 26th, 1880.

DEAR MALLESON,

I'm at work on the epilogue, but it takes more trouble than I expected. I see there's a letter from you, which I leave unopened for fear there should be anything in it to put me in a bad temper, which you might easily do without meaning it. You shall have the epilogue as soon as I can get it done ; but you won't much like it, for there are bits in the clergyman's letters that have put my bristles up. They ought either to have said nothing about me—or known more.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXXIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

June 7th, 1880.

DEAR MALLESON,

Your letter is a relief to my mind, and shall not be taken advantage of for more delay. A wet day or two would get all done—but I simply *can't* think of anything but the sun, while it shines. I shall get it in the copyist's hands on Monday, and, as it's one of my girl-secretaries, I shall be teased till it's done, so it's safe for the end of the week, D.V. I'm sadly afraid she'll make me cut out some of the spiciest bits; the girl-secretaries are always allowed to put their pens through

anything they choose. Please drop the Mr., it is a matter of friendship, not—if there were any—of different powers. God only knows of higher and lower, and—as far as I can judge—is likely to put ministry to the sick much above public letters.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXXIV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

April 13th, 1881.

DEAR MALLESON,

It will be many a day before I 'recover' yet, if ever; but, with caution, I hope not to go wild again, and to get what power belongs to my age slowly back. When were you in the same sort of danger? Let me very strongly warn you from the whirlpool edge—the going down in the middle is gloomier than I can tell you. But I shall thankfully see you and your friend here. Visit is out of question for me. I can bear no fatigue or excitement away from my home; I pay visits no more, anywhere. It is always a great gladness to me when

B B

young students care about old books, and I remember—as a duty—the feeling I used to have in getting a missal, even after I was past a good many other pleasures. You made such good use of that book,* too, that I am happy in yielding to any wish of yours about it, so your young friend shall have it if he likes. The marked price is quite a fair market one for it, though you might look and wait long before such a book came *into* the market. The British Museum people were hastily and superciliously wrong in calling it a common book. It is not a *showy* one; but there are few more interesting or more perfect service-books in English manuscript, and the Museum people buy cartloads of big folios that are not worth shelf-room, in comparison.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* An Illuminated Manuscript lent by Mr. Ruskin to Mr. Malleson.

LETTER XXXV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

April 23rd, 1881.

MY DEAR MALLESON,

These passages of description and illustration of the general aspect of Ephesus in St. Paul's time seem to me much more forcibly and artistically written than anything you did in the *Life of Christ*; and I could not suggest any changes to you which you could now carry out, under the conditions of time to revise—except a more clear statement of the value of the Ephesian Goddess. The article in Smith's dictionary on her is only about twenty lines long, and it is exhaustive. She

was not the Greek Artemis at all, but an Eastern Myth of Genesis—the very opposite of Diana—Chastity—an infinite Suckler, and mummy mother of everything that could suck—practically at last, and chiefly of the Diabolic Suction of the usurer—and her temple, which you luckily liken to the Bank of England, was in fact what that Establishment would be as the recognised place of pious pilgrimage for all Jews, infidels, and prostitutes in this realm of England. You could not conceive the real facts of these degraded worships of the mixed Greek and Asiatic races unless you gave a good year's work to the study of the decline of Greek art in the 4th and 3rd centuries B.C.

Charles Newton's pride in discovering Mausolus, and their engineers whistling over his Asiatic mummy, have entirely corrupted and thwarted the uses of the British Museum Art

Galleries. The Drum of that Diana temple is barbarous rubbish, not worth tenpence a ton ; and if I showed you a photograph of the head of Mausolus, without telling you what it was, I will undertake that you saw with candid eyes in it nothing more than in the baggy poll of a common gladiator. But your book will swim with the tide, and it is best so.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

LETTER XXXVI.

[SWITZERLAND.]

November 20th, 1882.

MY DEAR MALLESON,

I am sincerely grieved that you begin to feel the effect of overwork. But as this is the first warning you have had, and as you are wise enough to obey it, I trust that the three months' rest will restore you all your usual powers, on the condition of using them with discretion, and not rising to write at two in the morning. I am very thankful to find in my own case that a quiet spring of energy filters back into the old well heads, if one does not bucket it out as fast as it comes in.

But my last illnesses seriously impaired my walking powers, and I'm afraid if you came to Switzerland I should be very jealous of you. Certainly it is not in this season a country for an invalid, and I believe you cannot be safer than by English firesides, with no books to work at, nor parishioners to visit.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXXVII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
January 22nd, 1883.

DEAR MALLESON,

I am heartily glad to hear that you are better, and that you are going to lead the Vicar of Wakefield's quiet life. I am not stronger myself, but think it right to keep hold of the Oxford helm as long as they care to trust it to me. I have entirely given up reviewing, but if the editor of the *Contemporary* would send me Mr. Rech's article when set up, I might perhaps send a note or two on it which the real reviewer might use or not, at his pleasure. In the meantime it would greatly oblige me if the editor

could give me the reference to an old article of mine on Herbert Spencer (or at least on a saying of his) which I can't find where I thought it was, in the *Nineteenth Century*—and suppose therefore to have been in the *Contemporary* before the 19th century Athena rose out of its cleft head.* The article had a lot about Coniston in it, but I quite forget what else it was about. I think it must have been just before the separation. Kindest regards and congratulations on your convalescence from all here.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

* *Home and its Economics : Contemporary Review*, May, 1873.

LETTER XXXVIII.

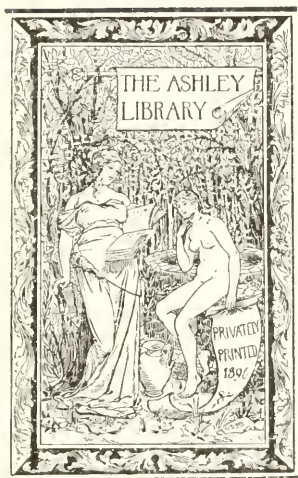
BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
February 6th, 1883.

MY DEAR MALLESON,

I am nearly beside myself with the sudden rush of work on my return from abroad, and resumption of Oxford duties, and I simply *cannot* yet think over the business of the letters, the rather that *I* certainly never would republish most of these clergymen's letters at all.

My own were a gift to you, and I am quite ready to print *them* if you like, and let you have half profits, the St. George's Guild having the other. But that could not be for some time yet.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.



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